

Thirteen by MoniNicole94

Category: Stranger Things, 2016, Supernatural

Genre: Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Dean W., Eleven/Jane H., John W., Sam W.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2019-01-06 17:52:14

Updated: 2019-01-06 17:52:14

Packaged: 2019-12-12 03:45:55

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,397

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's been ten years since John turned his back for two seconds. Can him and Dean finally find what they've been missing? Hurt/Badass!Sam, Protective/Angry/Worried!Dean & John

1. Chapter 1

AN: So, I'm just uploading all my non-reader inserts that I have posted on my AO3, since you guys seem to enjoy those more. AO3 will mainly be for reader inserts. So of these, I've already written out, like Red Dawn. Some I haven't. Mainly because I wasn't getting responses for them so I wasn't sure if anyone wanted to read them. So if you like this and want me to work on it more, let me know!

AN 2: So I'm making Dean six years older than Sam instead of just 4. And some events from the show are being changed around!

Warnings: Kidnapping

Bobby needed supplies. That's what it started out as. Bobby needed supplies and since John and the boys had been staying there, he more or less volunteered John to go to the store for them. He handed him a list, a wad of cash, and told him where everything was. John grumbled as he got ready to go. That's when he felt something pull on his jeans. He looked down to see a pair of the most adorable eyes looking up at him.

"I go?" Sammy asked. He had melted Popsicle around his mouth, staining his face blue. A thumb instantly went back into his mouth after he stopped talking. Sam had started doing that not long after the fire, since John had never gotten him a pacifier to replace the one that had burnt up back in Lawrence. It soothed him, and just made him so damn cute.

"I dunno kiddo. I think you should stay here." John said, making sure he had a knife in his pocket and a gun in his waistband. Sam pulled his thumb out of his mouth and his little lip started to quiver. The kid was two, but man, did he know how to play adults. John sighed and ran a hand down his face.

"P-pwease?" Sam whimpered. John groaned.

"Damn it." He mumbled to himself. "Go get your brother." Sam's smile

was wide as he walked quickly over to Dean. He was going through a box of things that Bobby had laying around. Told him to be a damn kid and go trade baseball cards with the neighbor kids. Sam stood in front of Dean.

"Hey Sammy." Dean said, barely glancing up from the cards. Sam just smiled at Dean. "What is it?"

"Daddy say go store." Sam said. "We go."

"I don't wanna." Dean grumbled. Sam frowned and started to pout, just like he had done with Dean. "Sammy, don't do it..."

"De'." Sam whined. Dean threw his head back and groaned.

"How do you always do this?" He asked. He put things back into the box and stood up to follow his little brother to where John was waiting. He was secretly hoping that his oldest son wouldn't give in to his youngest demands. Because Sam didn't like to go anywhere without Dean and it would make it so much easier to get in and out of the store. Now, he knew that it would easily be 45 minutes of John telling Sam he couldn't have a certain thing.

"Store!" Sam happily. But John and Dean groaned, but Dean held Sam's hand as they made their way out to the Impala. Sam waited for John to open the backdoor. Dean climbed in on the other side and watched John closely as he buckled Sam into his car seat. Sam loved it because he could be tall and see out the window. John just couldn't wait until he was big enough to not need it. He hated the damn thing, but he wouldn't risk Sam's safety over something stupid like that. He was just so little.

Soon, John was speeding towards town, ready to get this shopping trip done and over with.

"No." John groaned as Sam pointed at a box of Mickey Mouse ice pops. "Uncle Bobby had ice cream. That's why your face is blue."

"What 'bout that?" Sam pointed at a brightly colored box of cereal. John shook his head.

"Uncle Bobby has cereal too." John explained. Sam stuck out his

tongue and crossed his arms over his chest. John continued on his way, thankful that Dean wasn't asking for things too. But Dean was a good boy and he knew better. At least, that's what John thought until they came upon a large display advertising the newest baseball and football cards with all the hottest players.

A handful of people set in a dusty room. Smoke lingered from each time one of them lit a cigarette, watching the monitors of various locations. Places from all across the US. Places where certain assets were hiding. A woman had just cleaned her smudged glasses and put them back on. She turned to watch her monitor. Her eyes widened and she pressed a button by her work station. A large, metal door opened and heavy footsteps were heard on the ground.

"What is it?" He grumbled. She zoomed in on one of her screens and showed him. "Is that him?"

"I think so sir." She said. The man nodded and went to a file cabinet in the corner. He pulled out a file and flipped through it.

"Get someone there. Now." The man said. "We can't lose this kid again. They're evasive. We might never have a chance like this again." The woman nodded and picked up a phone on her work station, relaying the orders to someone as the man watched the security camera footage with a smile on his face.

John couldn't get the cart down the aisle where Dean was standing. Groaning at all the people and display items in the middle of the stupid aisle, he brought the cart as close as he could to Dean and made the decision to step away.

"I will be right back." John told Sam. "Two seconds. Do not talk to anyone." Sam nodded and waved to John. John headed over to Dean and grabbed his arm.

"Dad, can I get some, please?" Dean asked. John shook his head.

"No. We have to go." He said.

"But dad..." Dean whined.

"Dean. Now." John barked. Dean sighed and looked back at the

display with sad eyes. He kept some packs in his hand, thinking John might change his mind, and he followed his dad back to the cart.

The empty cart.

"Where's Sammy?" Dean asked. John looked around frantically. All the people who had been in the aisle just a moment ago were gone. Any one of them could have his son.

"Sammy?" John called out. "Sam! Sammy!" A few people looked his way. "Sam!"

"Dad?" Dean asked. John was in full panic mode at this point. He grabbed Dean's hand and ran towards the front of the store, hoping to see if someone was leaving with the toddler. John's world seemed to move in slow motion, as security called out to him and Dean pulled on his arm. He had turned his back for two seconds. He didn't register as Dean dropped the card packs to pull on John's hand with both of his. He didn't register as a security card explained that he was going to call the police and they would find the little boy, or as someone asked him what his son looked like.

Sammy was gone.

And it was all his fault.

2. Chapter 2

Warnings: Some angry Dean mainly, and some language probably

Ten Years Later

They searched and searched. No stone went unturned, no state left unsearched. Other hunters joined their hunt, especially the ones who had taken to the two-year-old. But they had found nothing. It was like Sam had just disappeared off the face of the planet. Dean had dropped out of school so he could dedicate more time to looking for his lost little brother. John had even gave him the Impala early and had got himself a truck so that they could cover more ground.

Dean's eyes were starting to burn from driving for so long without sleep. He needed to sleep, but he hadn't slept well in the past ten years. On more than one occasion, John had slipped Benadryl into his food in order for him to sleep for more than two hours. He was going to get himself killed before they even found Sam.

"Dean, pull over." John said into the CB that he had in his truck. They had installed one in the Impala too, because even when there was no radio signal or they couldn't reach their phones, the CB was always right there.

"Dad, I'm fine." Dean answered.

"We are stopping in this motel up here." John said. "End of story." Dean sighed. He wanted to look for his brother. For the past ten years, he woke up every morning hoping that his dad's panic was a figment of his imagination, that Sam was right there the whole time and John just hadn't seen him right away. Or that he was playing hide-and-seek. That's all.

"Dad..." Dean grumbled.

"Dean." John said. Dean sighed and pulled into the parking lot of the motel but didn't get out of the car. He was secretly praying that there was no room, but he knew from lack of cars in the parking lot that

wasn't the case. John waited for Dean to get out of the car, but realizing he wasn't, he sighed and headed in.

There was an older woman sitting behind the counter. She wasn't paying attention to the door though. Instead, she was focusing on the soap opera on her TV. John cleared his throat.

"I'd like a room." John said.

"Yeah, I got those." She smarted off. She turned to look at him. She could see Dean in his car, right outside the glass door. "Two queens or a king?" She asked. John sighed.

"Two queens." She slid him the book to sign in and took the money. Normally, he just paid for a night and that was it. But ever since they had drove into this little town, John had felt something was off. So he paid for a whole week. John climbed into his truck and drove around to their room, Dean following behind them. They unloaded and headed inside, setting up the salt lines and sigils.

"Dad, where are we?" Dean asked a while later, when John was browsing the phonebook for places to eat.

"What do you mean?" John asked. Dean had a mad spread out in front of him.

"I know we're in Indiana, but this town, it's not even on the map!" Dean said. "And it's not exactly a little place."

"Hawkins isn't on there?" John asked, looking over Dean's shoulder. "Huh? Weird."

"Something just doesn't feel right about this place." Dean said.

"Well, maybe it's a sign." John said, walking away from his son. Dean looked up at him.

"A sign? A sign for what?" Dean asked. John pinched his nose. He knew this was always coming, he just kept hoping that they found him first.

"Maybe it's a sign we need to stop looking for Sammy and start

hunting monsters again." John said. Dean was on him in no time, pushing him up against the wall with a growl.

"We are not giving up on him!" Dean snapped. "He's still out there somewhere! See this?" He held up the amulet he wore around his neck. The fist, and only, Christmas present he ever got from his brother and he wore it with pride every day. "This is my hope that my brother is still out there! And he needs me!" Dean let go of John and backed away.

"Dean, I miss him to. And I blame myself every day that I wasn't watching him, but we've been looking for ten years. Bobby, Caleb, Pastor Jim, and others have been looking. He's nowhere to be found." Dean tensed up.

"I think you should get out of my sight right now." Dean hissed. John grabbed his jacket and left the room without a fight. He knew better than to poke at Dean when he was like this. As soon as the motel door had shut, Dean started swinging, leaving a hole in the drywall.

John headed into town, looking for some food. He hated to give up hope that Sam was alive out there, waiting for them, but he knew that it was a long shot. It had been ten years since his little boy was taken. All the stats showed that, more than likely, Sam had probably been dumped someplace not long after...

As John stood in line at the diner to place his to go order, he glanced over at a stack of newspapers. The story was about the decommissioning of a lab that was known for kidnapping children and almost destroying the town...

John didn't even wait for his food. He grabbed the newspaper and drove as fast as he could back to the motel.

Silence. That's what greeted him as he woke up in his little cot with the thin sheets and the teddy bear he had received one year. It was cold and it was quiet. Normally, he could hear people outside the steel door that locked every night. Carefully, he got to his feet, wearing just the thin gown that he wore all the time. He gently pushed opened the door.

"Mama?" He called out, looking around. "Mama?" He walked down the hallway. The lights were still on. No one was there though. "Mama!" But no one answered him. He made his way to the double doors that led to the part of the building he was never supposed to go. The part where the outside could see him and take him away. They swung open then and a person in a hazmat suit walked towards him.

"Kid, what are you doing out of your room?" The person asked. He screamed and the man covered his ears. The boy took off running then, through the double doors. "Shit. He's escaping! Someone stop him!" The man said, but it was too late. His walkie talkie wasn't working and the kid, well, he was gone.